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V E R S E S.

BY

HERBERT WOLCOTT BOWEN.

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VERSES.

I.

How sweet those sadder moments are
That steal upon us unaware,
And bring to mind some hope, caressed
But somehow blighted and unblessed
Before it reached that growth ideal
That Fancy limned, herself unreal!

8

(RECAP)

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10-3-41- Willard Sharp. Friend - E. J.

II.

(THE QUESTION AND THE ANSWER.)

“WHEREFORE fallest thou,
Little drop of rain?
Heaven is so fair,
Why not there remain?”

“Thou wouldst never know
Heaven is so fair,
Did not blessings fall
On the earth from there.”

III.

BEAUTY whispers everywhere
Secrets that we all may share,
If we only lend our ear
With a willingness to hear.

She can tell us why to hate
Every low and vulgar state
Into which we, each and all,
Are, if listless, prone to fall.

She can teach us how to rise
In our aims and sympathies,
Till we gain from the ideal
Joys that are our joys most real.

She can tell us where to find
Proofs to satisfy the mind

That the earth and skies above
Were created out of love.

Let us, then, to her give ear
With a willingness to hear,
That her secrets we may share,
Which she whispers everywhere.

IV.

LAST winter, in my walks, I oft passed by
A crooked tree, the dreariest-looking thing
That snowbird ever spurned with weary wing;
And near it, twice or thrice, it chanced that I
Beheld a little man, whose neck was wry,
And who looked ugliness itself. This spring
No tree is half so blessed; for oh! birds bring
Thereto the sweetest greetings from on high,
And fill its foliage with joy untold;
And round its trunk climb vines that lend a
charm
Unto its crookedness. There, 'neath the span
Of its broad branches, sometimes I behold
A loving maiden seated, with her arm
Around the wry neck of the ugly man.

V.

OFF when from work I raise
My weary eyes, and gaze
Into the wintry night,
Sweet summer memories steal
Upon me, and I feel
My heart beat with delight.

I hear the songs of birds,
And set to them the words
They merrily suggest;
And by the languid air,
Which breathes aromas rare,
I feel my lips caressed.

I see the ivy creep
Along the wall, and leap

Upon a careless bough,
And then, in wanton glee,
O'errun the captive tree,
A bower of beauty now.

I hear the brooklet's song
Run lovingly along
The woodland's mossy banks;
The roses sweetly smile,
Dropping their leaves the while,
And so return their thanks.

The night comes on, and soon
The silver August moon
Seeks her fair realms above;
And, as she clears the hills,
Her peaceful radiance fills
Both heaven and earth with love.

I hear the pine-trees sigh.
But no — 'tis only I,

As now the wind-storm calls
My fancy from its flight,
Back through the wintry night,
Within these dreary walls.

VI.

“OH, stay not here, but fly with me
To sunny lands beyond the sea,
Where we may love eternally!”
The lover urged with flashing eye.

She shook her head,
And slowly said :
“Ah, woe is me!
It cannot be,
It cannot be.”

“But he is false — as false as hell :
So why, then, longer with him dwell?
Come, fly with me, the world is wide,
And be my loved and loving bride !”

She shook her head,
And sadly said :

“Ah, woe is me!
It cannot be,
It cannot be.”

“What! wilt thou tarry with him here,
Month after month, year after year,
From morn to night, from night to morn,
The object of his brutal scorn?”

She bowed her head,
And, sobbing, said:
“Ah, woe is me!
It needs must be,
It needs must be.”

“And must I leave thee to thy woe,
And from thy sight forever go,
And bury now and here my love,
And all alone the wide world rove?”

She raised her head,
And, gasping, said:

**“ Ah, woe is me !
It needs must be,
It needs must be.”**

VII.

SINCE I beheld thy father last,
My baby-boy, my baby-boy,
Two long and dreary years have past,
My baby-boy, my baby-boy :
He left me at the dawn of day,
Soon as he'd kissed my tears away,
Which, falling fast, implored him stay,
My baby-boy, my baby-boy.

Some day will he return to me,
My baby-boy, my baby-boy ;
Some day will he return to thee,
My baby-boy, my baby-boy.
When he has ceased the world to roam,
To claim us as his own, he'll come,
And take us to a happy home,
My baby-boy, my baby-boy.

I then shall shed no bitter tears,
 My baby-boy, my baby-boy,
Nor hear around me heartless jeers,
 My baby-boy, my baby-boy;
For he will then be at my side,
 And I shall be his honored bride,
And thou wilt be his joy and pride,
 His baby-boy, his baby-boy.

VIII.

WITH many a kiss and many a sigh
He bade his love adieu ;
And she stayed him not, for she believed
His love like hers was true.

She believed that he would return again
If Heaven but spared his life ;
For he had promised, that, soon or late,
He surely would make her his wife.

But the days grew weeks, and the weeks
grew months,
And the months, long dreary years ;
Yet never did he return again
To change into smiles her tears,

Until on her dying-bed she lay,
When his face she seemed to see;
For, outstretching her arms, "My love," she
cried,
"I knew you'd come back to me!"

She did not guess that the face she saw
Was that of her grown-up boy;
And so she ended her sorrowful life
With a smile of illusive joy.

IX.

LITTLE walks in fields and meadows
Tell where all begun;
Little words of deepest meaning
Made their hearts as one.

Little flowers interwoven
Formed her bridal wreath;
Little words upon a gravestone
Tell she sleeps beneath.

Little lines upon his forehead
Show his sore distress;
Little kindnesses to others
Prove his manliness.

X.

VIRGINIA is rocking
And singing to sleep
Her sister's sweet baby,
Just able to creep.

Virginia is bending,
With tears in her eyes,
Down over the cradle
Wherein the babe lies.

Virginia is dreaming
How different were life,
Were she, as her sister,
A mother and wife.

Virginia is thinking
How, long years ago,

Her lover was buried
Beneath the cold snow.

Virginia is kneeling,
And fervently prays
That Heaven will strengthen
And guide her always.

Virginia is smiling,
Like the babe in his dreams;
And living for others
Now sweet to her seems.

XI.

ALAS that we
In words should be
 So powerless to prove
What happiness
And what distress
 We feel with those we love!

But human speech
Attempts to reach
 The heights of joy in vain,
And cannot sound
The depths profound
 Of sorrow and of pain.

XII.

THE moonbeams stealing through the grove
A sweet, pale face discover, —
Too pale to be the face of one
That goes to meet her lover.

They follow, and they see the lake
That sweet, pale face close over, —
Too pale to be the face of one
That has a faithful lover.

XIII.

THE noblest love we ever feel
Is that we give our mother;
The greatest good we ever do
Is that we do another.

The deepest felt of all our tears
Are those that flow from gladness;
The purest moments of our lives
Are those we pass in sadness.

XIV.

To see the gloomy sky,
And hear the falling rain,
Why, one would think the sun
Could never shine again.

To judge from present grief,
And tears of anguish shed,
One might suppose all joy
In life forever dead.

XV.

SOUNDS that through the day
Never wake the ear,
At the fall of night
Grow distinct and clear.

Feelings that by day
Never move the breast,
At the fall of night
Fill us with unrest.

XVI.

RED roses need not tell us
That they are really red,
Nor even that the perfume
Is fragrant that they shed.

But, when it comes to mortals,
We scarcely ever know
If they are honest Christians,
Unless they tell us so.

XVII.

AROUND her rosy lips
Sweet greetings used to play ;
But, with her faith in man,
They passed away.

Consider what she lost,
If criticise you must,
And call her, not austere,
But simply just.

XVIII.

THY voice is like the music
That fills the air in spring;
Thy cheeks are like the beauty
The summer sunsets bring.

Thy eyes are like the feelings
That pensive autumn wakes;
And all thy thoughts and actions
Are pure as winter's flakes.

XIX.

HE plucked a little flower,
And to his lips it pressed,
And hastened then to give it
To her he loved the best.

She placed it in her bosom,
And, lo! a thrill of bliss
Ran through her; but she knew not
It was a lover's kiss.

XX.

FATE, if mortal voice can reach thee,
Grant, oh, grant me, I beseech thee,
That my days may never be
Cursed with insipidity!

Give me joy with woe attended,
Empty hopes and fortunes splendid!
Give me virtues, passions, strife;
Let me deeply drink of life!

XXI.

DURING the winter cold and gray,
So little did she ever say
Her deeper feelings to betray,
That ever, with increased disdain,
I thought of her as "proud Lorraine."

But later, on a summer day,
She sang for me a simple lay
In such a tender, heartfelt way,
That ever since, with growing pain,
I've thought of her as "sweet Lorraine."

XXII.

ALAS! as far
As yonder star
Is this dark world above,
So far from me
Doth seem to be
The maiden that I love.

And yet, as one
That sad and lone
Doth pray for love divine,
From day to day
I hope and pray
That she will soon be mine.

XXIII.

OH, turn away thy tender eyes,
Ere I mistake thy heart,
And claim as mine, as mine alone,
The glances that they dart!

They're not for me, ah! not for me,
But to all mortals given,
Just like the sun's most loving rays
That fall on all from heaven.

XXIV.

TELL me, darling, that thou lov'st me,
Tell me o'er and o'er again,
That I may not think I'm dreaming,
Or that hope has crazed my brain!

Tell it with thine eyes to Heaven's,
Face to face with love divine!
Tell it to my lips with kisses!
Tell it with thy heart to mine!

XXV.

My love's as gay
As fountain-spray
Through which the sunshine gleams;
Her eyes shed light
As soft and bright
As Luna's loving beams.

Her lips are sweet
As flowers replete
With dew at dawn of day;
And (blissful sight!)
Her charms unite
As rainbow-colors gay.

XXVI.

THY lips, as if endowed
With potency divine,
Changed with a word my life
From water into wine.

XXVII.

No other boon of life I ask,
Than that through all my years
In thy sweet presence I may live,
And share thy joys and tears.

XXVIII.

I'd rather drain the cup of love,
Although I know to-morrow
The joys that are so sweet to-day
May turn to bitter sorrow,
Than have all other blessings mine
That earth can give or borrow.

XXIX.

WHEN first I met thee, darling,
I thought thy lips so sweet,
That, if I could but kiss them,
My joy would be complete.

But from the moment, darling,
I felt their touch divine,
I sought in vain to fancy
Joy less complete than mine.

XXX.

THE hearts that once are joined by love
No time nor space can sever:
They hope, they joy, they grieve, as one,
Forever and forever.

Whatever, then, may be our fate,
We parted shall be never;
For love, sweet love, has joined our hearts
Forever and forever.

XXXI.

WHAT the stars are to the night,
What the flowers are to the bee,
What the song is to the bird,
What the leaves are to the tree,
What the scent is to the rose,
That, my love, art thou to me.

XXXII.

I NEVER leave thee, darling,
Without a heartfelt sigh
That time is so relentless
In passing quickly by;
But, then, still more relentless
It always seems to be
In passing by so slowly
When I am far from thee.

XXXIII.

LAST night, while thou wert dreaming,
And I was passing by
Beneath thy open window,
I chanced to look on high,

Where moon and stars were shining
In splendor soft and bright,
And through thy casement casting
Their beams of loving light.

I stood still for a moment,
O'ercome with sudden pain,
And towards thy open window
I turned my eyes again.

Then with a sigh I hastened
Along my way, and soon
I felt that I was jealous
Of both the stars and moon.

XXXIV.

WHY fear so much that the future
Will ruthlessly tear us apart?
Why let such tearful forebodings
Disturb so the joy of thy heart?

Come, rest thy head on my bosom,
And let me kiss thy fair brow;
And, e'en if the future seem hopeless,
Still let us be happy, dear, now.

XXXV.

I **PRESS** thee to my soul
As well as to my heart,
That thou mayst comprehend
How dear to me thou art.

My heart tells how my love
Will end but with my breath;
My soul, how it will last
Forever after death.

XXXVI.

It seems as if it could not be
My love is sailing o'er the sea,
And every moment leaving me ;
And yet too well I know she's gone,
So sad I feel, so sad and lone.

The things around me doubly dear
When she, my life and joy, was near,
But call forth now tear after tear.
Ah, yes ! too well I know she's gone,
So sad I feel, so sad and lone.

XXXVII.

GREAT God! is love a joy, or woe?
I thought it joy a time ago,
When to my heart I pressed my love,
And saw her lips in passion move,
And heard her call me names most dear;
But, now that she's no longer near,
Alas, alas! it seems to be
A woe to me, a woe to me.

XXXVIII.

YOUR presence threw
A heavenly hue
On every thing I saw,
Till woods and rills,
And vales and hills,
Seemed soul from you to draw.

While, oh ! a strange
And sudden change
Ensued the day you went :
Once beautiful,
All things grew dull,
And full of discontent.

XXXIX.

**A SWEETER little letter
A lover never had;
But, though it makes me happy,
It also makes me sad;**

**For oh! at once it tells me
That still you think of me,
And that, alas! between us
Still rolls the dreary sea.**

XL.

THOUGH we are

Distant far

From each other, love;

And though fate

Separate

Us forever, love, —

Let me be

E'er with thee

In thy dreams, my love:

Thou art mine,

I am thine,

In my dreams, my love.

Than to wed

In thy stead

Any other, love,

E'en though she
Gave to me
Heart and soul, my love,

All alone
Living on
I would rather, love,
Have thee mine
And be thine
In my dreams, my love.

XLI.

No longer my thoughts will have to rove
A thousand long leagues to reach my love,
And follow her, fearful, by night and by day,
That harm may befall her while so far
away, —

No longer, no longer; for now up the sea
She's coming, she's coming, in safety to me.

No longer will loneliness harass my heart,
And make every throb seem to me like a
smart;

No longer my memory, returning, will sigh
For the smiles and the kisses of days long
gone by, —

No longer, no longer; for now up the sea
My love comes, extending her fond arms to
me.

XLII.

I GREW in your life, dear,
Like a branch in a tree,
And thought for all time, dear,
That there I should be.

But, heartless, you gave me
To the first wind that blew,
And now I am dying,
Dissevered from you.

XLIII.

NIGHT after night, ere seeking

My bed of restless grief,

As if the stars could answer,

Or give me some relief,

I linger by the window,

And, gazing at the sky,

I think of thee, and murmur

My broken-hearted Why?

XLIV.

THE snow falls, the snow melts,
And passes soon away ;
The leaves bud, the leaves die,
And hasten to decay.

The smile comes, the smile goes,
And cometh nevermore ;
The heart loves, the heart breaks,
And life were better o'er.

XLV.

OH, is it not enough to haunt
My thoughts the livelong day,
And fill with terrible despair
The heart thou didst betray,

Without appearing in my dreams,
To mock me through the night
With kisses, and with vows of love
Shown false as soon as light?

XLVI.

WHAT bliss untold it was
To wake from dreams of you
That pictured you as false,
And know you to be true!

But, oh! what pain untold
It is to waken now
From [!]dreams that make you true,
And know you broke your vow!

XLVII.

THE whitest snowflake fell upon my hand,
And, thoughtful, I allowed it to remain;
I doubted that it came from any cloud,
Until it turned into a drop of rain.

A beauteous maiden woke within me love,
And dearer every day I felt her grow;
I doubted that she was of mortal birth
Until she filled my heart with bitter woe.

XLVIII.

WHILE my love was true to me,
In my heart such joy I bore,
That I doubted not 'twould last
Evermore, ah, evermore!

But, when false she proved to be,
What was such sweet joy before
Turned to sorrow, which will last
Evermore, ah, evermore!

XLIX.

I DREAMT that my heart was a cup
With my life's blood filled to the brim,
And that you to your lips raised it up,
And drained its last drop on the rim ;

Then, dashing the cup to the ground,
With cruel but matchless grace
You scornfully turned you around,
And gazed on my dying face.

I answered your look with a groan
That the depths of your soul seemed to
move ;
For my blood, mingling now with your own,
Was filling your heart full of love.

You threw yourself down by my side,
And pillowed my head on your breast,
And there had I blissfully died,
Your lips to my own closely pressed!

But, ah! at that moment I woke,
And the dream vanished quickly away,
Although from my burning lips broke
A cry that implored it to stay.

L.

WHAT strange sound is that
That greets me so late?
'Tis some little bird
That mourns his lost mate,
And pours forth to Heaven
His piteous state.

Ah! then, 'tis not strange;
For I too am here
Alone in the night,
Oppressively drear,
Lamenting the loss
Of one that is dear.

LI.

SUPPOSING thee a rose,
 With wondrous beauty blest,
I rendered thanks to Heaven,
 And put thee in my breast.

But, when securely there,
 Disguise thou soon didst scorn,
And to my heart didst haste
 To prove thyself a thorn.

LII.

As the dew that falls at evening
On the flowers of the field
Unto them doth richer beauty
And a sweeter perfume yield,

So the sorrows that befall us
In this mortal life impart
Stronger feelings and a deeper
Sympathy unto the heart.

LIII.

SWEET illusions of my youth,
Oh that you were mine once more,
That each present pallid truth
Might seem rosy as of yore!
Now you've gone, I see to you
Half my happiness was due.

LIV.

ONCE over the sea,
I soon may forget her;
And then it will be
As if never I'd met her.

The past will all seem
A fancy deceiving,
Or only a dream
Of loving and grieving.

LV.

KILLARNEY, O Killarney dear!

'Tis sad to say farewell to thee;
For deep within my heart I feel
Thy lover I shall ever be.

My only consolation is,
That freely I may take away
The memories of thy charms untold,
And keep them till my dying day.

And consolation such as that
Doth dry away the parting tear,
And makes it easier now to say,
“Farewell, farewell, Killarney dear!”

LVI.

IN the papers of Sir Alfred,
Giving to the poor his land,
These few verses were discovered
Written in his trembling hand:—

“Many years ago a maiden,
Lovelier than an angel’s dream,
Sat beside me in the forest
By the limpid mountain-stream.

“Softly swayed the idle branches,
Sweetly sang the thoughtless birds,
While the shadows crept around us
As if fain they’d hear our words.

“Tenderly she prayed and pleaded,
Now with smiles, and now with tears,

While my heartless silence filled her
Only with the worst of fears.

“Oh, why was I such a coward
That I dared not make amends
For the wrong that I had done her,
And, through her, her many friends?

“False my feeling was of honor
That forbade me to combine
Such a humble name as hers was
With the noble one of mine.

“How I loved her, how I love her,
Though she perished long ago,
How I’ve mourned, and how I’ve sorrowed,
Thou, great God, alone dost know.

“Till I die I’ll ever see her,
Lovelier than an angel’s dream,
Pleading with me in the forest
By the limpid mountain-stream.”

LVII.

SHE ran her jewelled fingers
A moment o'er the keys,
Then sang a tender ballad
Her passing mood to please.

A stranger, poor and heartsick,
Meanwhile came up the street,
And through the open window
Beheld her image sweet.

He paused, he looked, he listened,
Obscured by darkened skies ;
And, when her song was ended,
Big tears stood in his eyes ;

But ere they fell he dried them,
And, going on his way,

He thought, while o'er his features
A smile beamed bright and gay,

“At least for one sweet moment
The illusion was divine,
That I shared her deepest feelings,
And that she, in turn, shared mine.”

LVIII.

(AT THE GRAVE OF LORD BYRON.)

Too much of him that slumbers here
Cannot be said in praise or blame:
Yet judge him not as of this sphere;
For both his life and works proclaim,
That, though on earth he chanced to dwell,
He was the child of Heaven and Hell.

LIX.

(THE REJECTED LOVER TO HIS ROYAL MISTRESS.)

FAREWELL, farewell, since we must part,
And happiness attend thee!
But, oh, if e'er thou need a friend,
Remember I'll befriend thee!

Remember, I'll obey thy call,
And, under friendship's cover,
Will fight for thee as only can
A broken-hearted lover.

LX.

ISLE of Arran, of the West,
Isle of isles most beauty-blest,
'Tis with a reluctant heart
From thy shores that I depart.

Yet, although I go away,
It will never be to stay;
For I oft again to thee
Back shall sail in fantasy.

Then again shall I delight
In majestic Goatfell's sight,
And shall breathe the fragrant flowers
Of fair Browdick's amorous bowers.

Then again shall I give ear
To the tales of winter drear

That from sea the curlew brings,
And to thee enraptured sings.

And again, at close of day,
Floating on thy little bay,
In the shadow of the wood,
I shall bless thy solitude.

'Tis, then, with returning heart
From thy shore that I depart,
Isle of Arran, of the West,
Isle of isles most beauty-blest.

LXI.

(AFTER THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO.)

THE Tomb said to the Rose,
"O love-flower, whither goes
Thy tear-like morning's dew?"

The Rose said to the Tomb,
"What thou dost, tell me too,
With souls that seek thy gloom.
That I may live, O Tomb!
And full of sweetness bloom,
Those tears to me are given."

The Tomb said, "Rose, I make
Of every soul I take
An angel fair for heaven."

LXII.

(AFTER THE FRENCH OF LACHAMBAUDIE.)

A FLOWER with languid face
Cries to a passing cloud,
"O thou that fliest proud
And joyfully through space,
Send down, I pray, some rain,
That I may bloom again!"

The Cloud replies, "I will;
But thou must wait until
An errand I fulfil."
It flies away, the flower dies:
The cloud, returning through the skies,
Sends down its healing shower too late.

Thus often those that need us wait
Our help and love, and, waiting, die.
We then go to their graves, and cry,
And breathe regrets; but all in vain:
We cannot bring them back again.

LXIII.

(EUGÉNIE.)

As if to crown with woe
Her bare imperial head,
The cruel message came
The "Little Prince" was dead.

Her heart rushed to her eyes,
And, melting into tears,
Exhausted soon were all
The cherished hopes of years.

LXIV.

IN the quaint little town of St. Malo
Is a fountain whose laugh never fails,
Any more than does that of the maidens
That meet there with pitchers and pails.

It was there, every morning and evening,
That Louis saw pretty Louise,
And quickly discovered 'tis easier
For one to be pleased than to please;

For although, both in form and in feature,
He thought her of maids the most blest,
She never appeared to be conscious
Of the features and form he possessed.

Still, unlike many lovers unnoticed,
He did not give way to despair,

But ardently took as his motto,

“Persistence will win the most fair.”

Chance favored him early one morning,

For they met at the fountain alone:

So, taking her pail and her pitcher,

He filled them with draughts from his own.

With a *merci* that rendered him speechless,

And thrilled his whole being all day,

She turned her flushed face from the fountain,

And carefully hastened away.

Still again and again most benignly

Chance favored him thus in his suit,

Till at length, when she murmured her *merci*,

No longer his lips remained mute,

But addressed her in courteous phrases,

Which she answered with such a sweet
glance,

That he boldly proposed in their meeting
To dispense altogether with chance.

So they met every morning and evening
By the fountain at regular hours;
And often, besides her full pitcher,
She carried home bunches of flowers;

While fête-days they went to the meadows,
And joined in the dances and sport,
Or sought the deserted seashore,
Or the rocks that environ the fort.

To Louis life now seemed delicious,
And blissful it seemed to Louise;
For both of them now had discovered
What it is to be pleased and to please.

But, ah! in this world there are changes
That Fortune for all keeps in store,
And hence every morning and evening
At the fountain they soon met no more.

But the change in this case was a blessing,
And the source of unending delight;
For to live now forever together
It gave them the solemnized right.

LXV.

(AFTER THE GERMAN OF HEINE.)

THOU seemest like a flower,
So sweet and pure thou art:
I gaze on thee, and sadness
Sinks deep within my heart.

I yearn to touch thy forehead,
And o'er it breathe the prayer
That God will ever keep thee
So sweet and pure and fair.

LXVI.

A POET and a painter

Once loved a lovely maid;
But, ere she smiled on either,
She in her grave was laid.

Through life, by common sorrow
United heart to heart,
They kept the love they bore her
For only song and art.

Both won the world's approval,
And shared an equal fame;
For she that was in heaven
Inspired each the same.

LXVII.

(AFTER THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.)

BEAUTEOUS as Walhalla's angels,
Fairest of all youths, was he;
Heavenly was his look, and gentle
As a sunbeam on the sea.

Oh! what joy to feel his kisses,
Which, as when two flames combine,
Or as when two thrilling voices
Blend in harmony divine,

Brought our very souls together,
Bore us up to heaven above,
Made us tremble with sweet rapture,
Made us burn and melt with love!

But he's gone, ah, gone forever!
And in vain for him I cry:
All my joys in life pursue him,
Blended in one hopeless sigh.

LXVIII.

(AFTER THE GERMAN OF CHAMISSO.)

OUR evening kisses, fair maiden,
Were seen by no mortal eyes:
To the stars that watch in the heavens,
We trusted them and our sighs.

But once a star, on falling,
Told all to a passionate wave;
And the wave then told the rudder;
And the rudder, a sailor brave.

But he from his little sweetheart
Alas! could not keep it long:
So now in the streets and the markets
'Tis sung as a comic song.

LXIX.

(AFTER THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.)

O BROOKLET, sparkling in the sun,
Hurrying ever, ever on,
Whence art thou come? pray stay and tell!
And whither bound beyond this dell?

From yonder cliff my course begun;
O'er pebbles, flowers, moss, I run:
A mirror for the skies above,
I'm dimpled with their smiles of love.

Hence joyful as a child am I,
Scarce caring where my course may lie,
So long as he my guide shall be
That from the cliff hath summoned me.

LXX.

WHEN all alone in foreign lands,
Depressed in heart and mind,
'Tis sweet to feel ourselves beloved
By those we've left behind.

When all alone upon the earth,
With only death in store,
'Tis sweet to feel ourselves beloved
By those who've gone before.

LXXI.

(AFTER THE SPANISH OF LUPERCIO LEONARDO.)

ASSUREDLY, Don John, I must confess

That Donna Elva's tints of red and white
Are not her own, though fancy so one might,
But purchased with the gold she doth possess ;

But, then, you must acknowledge none the
less

That her feigned beauty, viewed in any light,
Surpasses all that's real, and charms your
sight

Until your heart beats wild with happiness.

But Nature, also, has a peerless way

Of practising deceit. Why, then, should we
Wish Elva's honesty to be ideal?

Lo! even yon blue sky, which we all see,
Is neither sky nor blue; yet who would say,
"Alas! that such great beauty is not real"?

LXXII.

(LINES WRITTEN ON A STONE, AFTER THE ITALIAN
OF STECCHETTI.)

YE that climb this verdant mountain,
Hither led your love to weep,
Where most clearly flows the fountain,
Where the forest is most deep,

Pity me! I fain would borrow
All the grief with which you're moved;
Great and poignant is my sorrow:
Pity me! I've never loved.

LXXIII.

AWAKE from thy slumber,
My darling, my sweet!
The world now is covered
With darkness complete.

Not a star in the heavens
Our meeting will see:
So open thy window,
And call me to thee!

We'll watch till Aurora
First ushers in light,
And the joys of a lifetime
We'll live in a night.

LXXIV.

(AFTER THE ITALIAN OF STECOHETTI.)

YES, even I at times, when not demure,
 Feel there is something working in my brain
 That is not simple thought, nor fancy vain,
But inspiration, heavenly sweet and pure.
Life's platitudes I then no more endure:

 I soar; the empyrean I attain;
 Sweet songs spring to my lips of joy and pain,
And that I am a genius, I am sure.

But when old doubts return, and when called
 back,

 From soaring in the highest, purest skies,
Unto myself and life's well-beaten track,

 I then am wont within to turn mine eyes,
And frankly ask myself, while all is still,
"Am I a poet, or an imbecile?"

LXXV.

(AFTER THE ITALIAN OF MICHAEL ANGELO.)

WHAT power is that that draweth me to thee,
And holds me captive bound, although I'm
free?

If others thou dost hold without a chain,
And me with bonds I seek to find in vain,
Why should I struggle to resist thine eyes,
Whose matchless beauty I so plainly see,
And in whose depths love ever lustrous lies?

LXXVI.

OFT when the night is dark and drear,
And I am all alone, I hear
A far-off voice that seems to come
From her I left behind at home.

But, though I listen longingly,
Her language never reaches me;
And yet, at length, my heart is stirred
As if I had not lost a word.

LXXVII.

A YEAR now I've wandered
O'er land and o'er sea,
But ne'er from my bondage
Have felt myself free,

Her memory attends me
Wherever I go,
And, ruthless, keeps open
The old wounds of woe.

'Tis now but a feature
Of some stranger's face,
A look or a motion,
A smile or a grace ;

And now but an odor,
A breath of the air,

A strain of sweet music,

A star wondrous fair,

That serves to recall her,

And makes my heart beat

With bitter remembrance

Of days that were sweet.

LXXVIII.

O Angel, or Demon, whichever you be,
That bid me to hasten back over the sea,
And fall at the feet of the one I adore,
And there for forgiveness and pardon implore,

I cannot resist you that speak in love's name:
My hope that was ashes is now all aflame:
I cannot resist you, I go, yes, I go,
Sweet Angel of pity, or Demon of woe.

LXXIX.

O LAND, whose every son is king,
And not a subject, serf, or thing;
Where liberty is not a dream,
Nor cherished hope, but law supreme;

Where peace and plenty still abound
When elsewhere they cannot be found;
Where all may find a hearth and home,
From whatsoever land they come,—

O land of lands, the greatest, best,
O land of lands supremely blest,
What joy it is again to stand
Upon thy shores, my native land!

LXXX.

Oh, to see thy smile, my lost one,
Greet me once, but once again!
Oh, to press thee to my bosom,
Where I feel a mortal pain!

Oh, to touch thy lips, my lost one,
As I did in days gone by!
Oh, to call thee my beloved one
Just once more before I die!

LXXXI.

WHEN once the mind begins to doubt,
It wakes as from repose,
And, gathering strength from every thought,
It daily broader grows.

But, when the heart begins to doubt,
It soon grows sick and sore,
And then its feelings day by day
Consume it more and more.

LXXXII.

As, when a shell is taken
From out the restless sea,
We hear therein a spirit
That murmurs endlessly,

So, from the very moment
That we were forced to part,
A never-ending murmur
Has lived within my heart.

LXXXIII.

I WONDER if ever she thinks of me,
And the vow that she once held dear,
And if ever, by day or by night, in her
dreams
I still as her lover appear.

I wonder if ever she sighs for me
While sitting alone in her home,
And if ever she starts at the sound of a
step,
Believing at length I have come.

I wonder if ever she weeps for me
And the days that forever have fled,
And if ever the sorrow of living apart
Makes her wish from her heart she were
dead.

LXXXIV.

I THOUGHT, until we met to-day,
That time had made me stronger,
And that to meet thee as a friend
I need fear now no longer.

But when I gazed into thine eyes,
And saw around them languish
The shadow of another's love,
My heart near broke with anguish.

LXXXV.

**E'EN the heart its seasons has ;
But, when spring and summer pass,
They return no more, alas !
And the joys that with them fled
Are to it forever dead.**

LXXXVI.

**'Tis not the flight of many years
That takes away our youth,
But waking from illusions sweet
To bitter, bitter truth.**

LXXXVII.

As common wind and rain storms
That scarcely move the sea
Seem, after a great tempest,
But harmless mimicry :

So, after love is blighted,
The griefs that us befall
From common daily sources
Disturb us scarce at all.

LXXXVIII.

WHY shouldst thou keep on loving
When met with cold disdain?
Why shouldst thou keep on hoping,
When all thy hopes are vain?

Love were not love, if fearful
Its earthly fate to brave,
Nor if its aspirations
Looked not beyond the grave.

LXXXIX.

THESE long winter evenings,
While sitting alone,
I oft fall a-dreaming
Of days that are gone.

And then, in my fancy,
A maiden I see,
Who sweeter and dearer
Than life was to me.

Her hair it was golden;
Her eyes they were gray;
Her lips they were rosy;
Her heart it was gay.

Forever together
We counted the hours

No more than the bees do
The sweet summer flowers.

We climbed up the mountain,
Still sparkling with dew,
To share from the summit
The beautiful view.

We sat in the pine-grove,
Whose shadow opaque,
Like dark, dreamy eyelids
Environed the lake.

And then in the moonlight
We walked side by side,
As blissfully happy
As bridegroom and bride.

Those days were as flowers
That gladden the eye

Without ever telling
That soon they must die.

But, gone now forever,
Their memory alone
Remains to assure me
They once were my own.

XC.

I'VE lived a life of emotion, —
A life full of joy and of woe,
As restless as that of the ocean
With its endless ebb and its flow.

No hope of its changing ever
Have I while I draw this breath:
The rest that I yearn for will never
Be mine till I sleep in death.

XCI.

YOU hear the laughter of your friends,
But not the sigh with which it ends ;
You feel with them their griefs confessed,
But not those locked up in their breast ;
You share with them each outer mood,
But not their inner solitude :
And yet you ever haste to tell
You understand and know them well.

XCH.

Not half so dark and drear
Would seem the night,
Were not the golden beams
Of day so bright.

So now thy tears would be
Not half so sad,
If once love had not made
Thy smiles so glad.

XCIH.

THE stars that form the milky-way
Seem blended at our distance;
And yet they each and all maintain
Their separate existence.

So we on earth that seem to be
In happiest communion,
From one another live apart,
Without a sense of union.

XCIV.

TIMES there are when life doth seem
Brighter than our brightest dream.

Times there are when dreaded death
Sweeter seems to us than breath.

Times there are when leaves and birds
Solace more than human words.

XCV.

THOUGH dearer than all else to me thou art,
And though I pray thy life may ever be
From agony and anguish wholly free,
Yet still I cannot find it in my heart
To wish that sorrow may not fall athwart
Thy path; for sorrow bringeth sympathy,
Which into human nature lets us see;
Which makes us yearn to bear as large a
part
Of others' cares and troubles as we can;
Which makes us feel our fellowship with man
Wherever in the whole wide world we go;
And which both on and through us doth
bestow
So many joys and blessings heavenly sweet,
That life without it seems most incomplete.

XCVI.

(TO H. ON THE DEATH OF HIS CHILD.)

1.

My love and I sat by a stream
One evening in July,
Just at the sacred hour when peace
Pervades the earth and sky.

Our happy hearts were strangely filled
With peacefulness divine;
My very soul seemed part of hers,
And hers seemed part of mine.

Methought, while sitting there that eve,
That mortals only prove
The sweetest joys that life can give
When they begin to love.

2.

My love and I sat by the fire
One cold December night;
Our hearts, which time had made as one,
Were ne'er before so light.

Our little child with rosy cheeks
Was playing at our feet,
And lisping words we never dreamed
Before were half so sweet.

Methought, while sitting there that night,
The angels could not be
More happy in their heavenly home
Than here below were we.

3.

My love and I, one day in March,
Stood by a little bed,
And gazed upon our darling child
That lay there cold and dead.

How hard it was to comprehend
That she from us had gone,
And we were left to journey on
Henceforth through life alone!

Methought, while we were standing there,
That nothing here below
That we call ours is ours to keep,
Save misery and woe.

XCVII.

BECAUSE my lighter moods
To thee I ever show,
Think not my life has been,
And still is, free from woe.

The saddest of all tears
Are those that are not shed,
But stay, and fill the heart
Whence every joy has fled.

XCVIII.

Oft, when the lips are stillest,
The heart most wildly beats ;
Oft, when the eye's averted,
The soul most warmly greets.

Oft, when our love's most hopeless,
We only hope the more ;
And oft, when we are saddest,
Our thoughts the highest soar.

XCIX.

WE smile to-day ;
We weep to-morrow :
So soon we pass
From joy to sorrow.

But joy once gone
May come back never ;
For sorrow oft
Remains forever.

C.

WHAT makes my heart so wildly beat,
When, walking in the park or street,
Her baby-boy I chance to meet?

It seems, and yet it cannot be,
That in his face the past I see,
With all its joy and misery.

His eyes, like hers, a tender gray,
Remind me always of that day
When, wronged and stung, I rushed away.

And, leaving him, I always find
His mother's image in my mind,
And then my eyes grow strangely blind.

How gentle were her voice and ways!
And how she sweetly used to raise
Her face, and meet my ardent gaze!

Oh, never did a love combine
So many joys and hopes divine
To bless a mortal's life as mine!

But was I wronged? Nay, it was pride
That put the chasm deep and wide
Between me and my future bride.

Had I returned that very night,
She might have set herself aright,
And so grown lovelier in my sight.

But, no! I chose to think her wrong,
And vowed that I would still be strong
Without her love, my whole life long.

As time went on, my heart grew sore ;
And what a load of grief I bore
I comprehended more and more.

I travelled far beyond the sea,
And sought diversion wild and free ;
But still her image haunted me.

Returning home, I heard it said
That she was to another wed,
And then I wished that I were dead.

For months such anguish crazed my brain,
That oft I thought all hope were vain
Of ever gaining strength again.

But strength returned when I felt moved
To try to lead a life approved
By her whom I so dearly loved.

She oft now in my dreams appears,
And, smiling, dries away my tears,
And whispers comfort in my ears.

O Pride! had it not been for thee,
These happy dreams of mine might be
Still happier reality.

But then, such thoughts are now too late.
For pride to fall, time cannot wait:
So I must learn to bear my fate.



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